MISCELLANY

POEMS, *&c.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

MISCELLANY

POEMS,

ON

MORAL SUBJECTS.

CHESTER:

Printed by *Eliz. Adams*, for the AUTHOR.

MDCCLI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

READER.

A PREFACE to a Thing of this Bulk may perhaps, at firſt Sight, be look'd upon as impertinent, as unneceſſary; nor had the Author any Inducement in the leaſt to ſwell this little Piece (whoſe Brevity is likely to be its beſt Excuſe) would a Conſciouſneſs of Demerit have ſuffer'd him to have ſent it into the World without a juſt Apology. He therefore only beſpeaks the Reader's Candour, to the firſt Eſſay of a young Pen, and of a Mind, which has had little beſides the diſagreeable Experience of an unfortunate Conſtitution.

As

As for thoſe Criticks, who have endeavour'd to plume themſelves from the Spoils of the moſt celebrated WRITERS, and to undermine the moſt eſtabliſh'd CHARACTERS; though 'tis probable the WISE and GENEROUS Part of Mankind may blame their not making a more profitable Uſe of their Time, yet it muſt be allow'd, that in theſe Inſtances they only degrade their Underſtanding; but by exerciſing their Talents on the following Lines, they will betray their moſt eſſential Principles, Pride, and Ill-nature, in ſtooping to prey on a Muſe, whoſe Inſignificance and Obſcurity have plac'd her equally below their Notice, and beyond their Cenſure.

A HYMN TO FRIENDSHIP.

O H FRIENDSHIP! thou who fill'ſt my Breaſt!
Aſſiſt my feeble Tongue,
Thou better taſted than expreſs'd,
Inſpire my artleſs Song.

Oh ſympathetick POWER DIVINE!
M' untutor'd Accents fire,
Your Aid impart ye ſacred NINE,
To tune my fault'ring Lyre.

Oh! lend the panting Muſe your Wing,
She aſks no pompous Bays,
Teach her of FRIENDSHIP's Joys to ſing,
And yours be all the Praiſe.

Thou

Thou faireſt PLANT of mortal Birth,
Which to Mankind is given,
By thee our Cares ſubſide on Earth,
By thee 'tis Bliſs in HEAV'N.

Each Path of Life with Thorns is ſtrew'd
Without thy ſocial Aid,
By thee the rough and dang'rous Road
A pleaſing Journey's made.

In queſt of Comfort and of Peace,
In lonely Search I ſtray;
At thy Approach my Labours ceaſe,
The balmy Pow'RS obey.

To heal the Anguiſh of my Heart,
Thou doſt reveal thy JOYS;
Of ev'ry Care I feel but Part,
Whilſt PLEASURES double riſe.

O'er each tempeſtuous Surge of Life
Thy peaceful COMFORTS flow,
The EASE of Pain, the CURE of Strife,
The ſov'reign BALM of Woe.

On Earth thy heav'nly Work's begun,
  Here firſt we're taught to love;
Thy Infant Pleaſures here fore-run
  Thy perfect JOYS above.

Thou gentle CEMENT of the Soul,
  Nought ſhall thy Pow'r divide,
Thou ſtill ſhalt reign without controul,
  When Time himſelf's deſtroy'd.

REFLECTIONS
ON AN
EVENING WALK.

'TWAS in the gentle Cloſe of ſultry Hours,
  When ſick'ning Nature reaſſum'd her Pow'rs,
The flaming Radiance of the Day depreſs'd,
Faint bluſh'd its Glories in th'impurpl'd Weſt;
Deſcending Dews their healing Balm diſtill'd,
And each reviving Flow'r its Sweets reveal'd;

Advancing Night her ſable Pinions ſpread,
And o'er the weary World her Influence ſhed;
Exhauſted Induſtry review'd the Day,
As on the downy Couch of Art ſhe lay;
Emaciate Toil his Iron Nerve unbrac'd,
To court th' Aſſiſtance of reſtoring Reſt;
E'en doubtful Avarice her Head reclin'd,
And, ſunk in Slumbers, all her Cares reſign'd.

Aſlant the Pebbles of th' adjacent Hill,
In plaintive Echo's flow'd a murm'ring Rill,
There *Philomela*, wakeful, and alone,
In moving Accents ſigh'd her melting Moan.

Within the Margin of a neighb'ring Wood
The ſacred Reliques of a Temple ſtood;
Thither with gentle Steps I penſive ſtray'd,
And, loſt in ſerious Thought, advanc'd the Shade.

Amidſt the gloomy Horrors of the Tomb,
The moſſy Structure rears its tott'ring Dome:

A Row of aged Elms their Umbrage ſhed
Around the peaceful Manſions of the Dead:
Th'æthereal Arch each glitt'ring Pomp arrays,
Whoſe twinkling Glories ev'ry Star diſplays:
The Moon with ſoften'd Rays illumes the Night,
The quiv'ring Leaves reflect the feeble Light:
A ſecret Dread m'excurſive Thoughts recall;
'Tis awful Pomp and ſolemn Silence all.

An Hour ago, the World with buſy Strife
Was buſtling thro' the various Toils of Life,
But now, of Senſe bereft, by Sleep confin'd,
They loſe the Projects they To-day deſign'd.

How juſtly may we figure out by this,
Our fading Pleaſures, and our ſhort-liv'd Bliſs!
Perhaps the Monarch who this Morning ſat
Array'd in all the Pageantry of State,
To-morrow's Sun with Horror ſhall diſplay
A ghaſtly Corſe, a ſordid Lump of Clay;
Each pompous Trifle, ev'ry gay Deſign,
Ignobly ſunk beneath its Maſter's Shrine.

We

We farther ſtill the Emblem may purſue,
And vaniſh'd Ages with Amazement view,
Could we with copious Ken, and Thoughts ſublime,
Enlarg'd take in the whole Extent of Time,
View'd in the Proſpect of eternal Years,
O'er-look'd the empty Bubble ſcarce appears;
Whilſt fleeting Days, their ev'ry Period paſt,
Clearly diſplay th'Approaches of the laſt.

Of this, alas! thou need'ſt not ſeek a Proof,
Learn that, my Soul, beneath this mould'ring Roof:
Below perhaps, diſgrac'd amongſt the Soil,
Are ſunk the Hands which rais'd the ſtately PILE;
Which only now in ſhatter'd Pomp diſplays
A vain Elogium on the Builder's Praiſe.

Yon' aged Trees, once ſtately and ſublime,
Are ſunk, and bow beneath the Hand of Time;
The rev'rend Scene, and all its Objects round,
In awful Harmony this Truth reſound:
When *Sol* his Courſe in fading Splendour ſteers
O'er the laſt Period of ſucceeding Years,

The

The MIGHTY ANGEL takes his lofty Stand.
And ſolemnly declares, by HEAVEN's Command,
That all the Vanity of Life is o'er,
That Judgment's come, and Time ſhall be no more.

Then ſhall the TRUMP the Earth's Foundations ſhake,
The Dead ſhall hear, and ſlumb'ring Nature wake.
Oh! guilty Mortals, crimſon'd o'er with Crimes,
How will ye ſtand the Tryal of thoſe Times?
When MAJESTY DIVINE aſcends the Throne,
And trembling Worlds his RIGHTEOUSNESS ſhall own.

That Principle divine, we CONSCIENCE call,
Which HEAV'N, in Mercy, has indulg'd to all,
Shall then appear, and carefully diſplay
Its ſlighted Dictates, in the Face of Day;
Inſulted JUSTICE ſhall her Sanctions guard,
And, clad in VENGEANCE, all her Foes reward:
No Boſom ſhall eſcape her ſearching Hand,
Each Word ſhall be recall'd, each Action ſcann'd;
Each Thought reveal'd that lurks within the Soul,
And Sentence irreverſe ſucceeds the Whole.

TREMENDOUS BEING! great efficient CAUSE
Of Reaſon's Dictates, and of Nature's Laws!
GOODNESS IMMENSE! thy gracious AID impart,
To guard the Motions of my wand'ring Heart:
By Rules unerring let my Thoughts be try'd,
Let TRUTH and RECTITUDE my Actions guide.

Whilſt ſome, in ſearch of Wealth, on Danger ſmile,
And ſleep, but to renew the fruitleſs Toil;
Or others, viewing Life with dazzled Eyes,
On Fancy's Creſt ſee plumy Honours riſe;
Or bribe th' uncertain Breath of flutt'ring Fame,
To build on empty Deeds an emptier Name;
In ſilent Walks, inſpir'd with Thoughts ſublime,
Unruffl'd by th' Inconſtancies of Time,
Do thou, my Soul, with unremitted Care,
For certain Death and endleſs LIFE prepare:
Where, unconfin'd, and greatly free from Earth,
Enlarg'd, thou ſhalt enjoy a ſecond Birth;
Unlimitted, through endleſs SPACE ſhalt bound,
And wond'ring view unnumber'd Worlds around;

Where

Where BLISS exhauſtleſs---JOYS ſeraphic flow ;
Untaſted in this Vale of Tears below,
Which, once begun, a Period ne'er ſhall know.

Oh! Happineſs ſublime, whoſe chearing Rays
Lead on thy Sons through Life's bewild'ring Maze,
When, fir'd by thee, the eager Soul takes flight,
Each Toil ſeems eaſy, ev'ry Burden light;
Each Foe ſhe conquers with reſiſtleſs Strife,
And nobly ſtems the boiſt'rous Tide of Life;
'Till, Tempeſts huſh'd, and ev'ry Danger paſt,
She ſafely gains the wiſh'd-for Port at laſt.

ON

PROVIDENCE.

THAT ſov'reign Pow'r which o'er the Earth preſides,
And rules its Motions with deſpotic Sway,
The various Portions of our Time divides,
And marks th' Events of each ſucceeding Day.

Yet

Yet Rebel Man, when kindly he's chaſtis'd,
Of Fate ſevere and Cruelty complains,
Blinded by Paſſion, ſcorns to be advis'd,
But with that Breath he gave the God arraigns.

If (chang'd the Scene) of Pleaſure's Cup he taſtes,
Or Beauty's tranſient Form with Rapture views,
His Time in ſtupid Indolence he waſtes,
Nor farther Heav'n or Happineſs purſues.

But know, that mighty ſelf-exiſtent CAUSE
Which form'd this ſtately Fabrick of the World,
When jarring Atoms firſt obey'd his Laws,
Foreſaw its Beauty to Deſtruction hurl'd.

All that's intended, all we here ſhall find,
Are Intervals of Reſt from mortal Care,
Kindly to chear the Soul, and free the Mind
From the deſtructive Fumes of black Deſpair:

Were human Life a conſtant Scene of Woe,
No chearful Beam of Light, no pleaſing Thought,
Some Peace amidſt our Suff'rings to beſtow,
It wou'd be inſupportable, though ſhort:

Were

Were Life's gay circling Years with Pleaſure crown'd,
Nor Virtue brighten'd by Affliction's Fire,
Goodneſs were loſt in the deluſive Round,
And Reaſon baffl'd by each looſe Deſire :

But ſo unerring WISDOM has decreed
By ſecret Springs the various myſtick Chain,
That in unalterable Rounds ſucceed
Pleaſure's reviving Joy, and mortal Pain.

The only way ſecurely to enjoy
That Peace which Virtue ſheds upon the Mind,
Is each repining, impious Thought to fly,
And under each Event to be reſign'd :

Humbly to wait that grand deciſive Day,
Which from each Eye the gloomy Film ſhall clear,
When Conſcience ſhall her awful Creſt diſplay,
And Truth in all her Brilliancy appear.

Each dark Procedure, wiſely now conceal'd,
Refulgent Righteouſneſs ſhall then diſcloſe ;
Each Cloud diſpell'd, all Hearts ſhall be reveal'd,
And Juſtice triumph o'er her haughty Foes.

Then ſhall miſtaken Mortals find, too late,
From whoſe impartial Hand their Suff'rings came,
That *PROVIDENCE*, not blind unheeding Fate,
Has plac'd " our proper Bliſs, in what we blame."

Each ſtupid Wretch who now preſumes to ſcan
Divine Proceedings in a humane Light,
Shall trembling own the Impotence of Man,
And clearly ſee " Whatever *IS* is *RIGHT*."

ON
AFFLICTION.

WHILST ev'ry Siſter Muſe with ſprightly Notes,
In pleaſing Accents, warbles forth her Joy,
Delighted ſtrays o'er ample Fields of BLISS,
Or ſoars aloft, whilſt PLEASURE's ſmiling Train
Are hovering round, attentive liſt'ning to
The chearful, pleaſing Strain; the ſerious Taſk
Be mine, to ſearch the dark Receptacles
Of Woe; to penetrate thoſe dreary Shades

That

That chearleſs Gloom, where black Deſpair, and fierce
Diſtraction dwell; to ſooth with ſmiling HOPE
Theſe Sons of Grief: Succeſsfully to paint
The Beauty of thoſe Drops, thoſe ſoft'ning Showers,
Which from AFFLICTION's ſable Clouds diſtill,
To form the Soul, and humanize the Heart.

Oft' have I ſeen my Friend in gentle Hours
Of Dalliance and Delight, when pleaſing Smiles
Sat mantling on his Brow, JOY ſparkling bright,
Shed all her radiant GLORIES in his Eye,
And blooming HEALTH her Roſes on his Cheek,
The fair and dazzling outſide of true PEACE,
Of real BLISS. Pale Envy viewing, ſicken'd
At the ungrateful Sight; whilſt Sorrow rais'd
Her drooping Head, and with redoubl'd Sighs
Renew'd her Moan: Ev'n VIRTUE's Self beheld
With wiſhful Eye. But theſe were only ſlight,
And careleſs Glances on external Show;
Through all this fair Aſſemblage of Delights,
I've view'd the Heart in ſilken Fetters bound,

Each

Each latent GRACE that dignifies the Soul,
Exchang'd for tranſient Bliſs, and " bubble Joy."

Thus blind, miſtaken Man, by placing Bliſs
In what was only giv'n to ſooth his Cares,
And ſweeten Life's intoxicating Draught
With Comfort, and with Peace, is ſelf-chaſtis'd;
And inconſiſtent courts the Grief he mourns.

When HEAV'N indulgent opens all its Stores,
And ſheds its choiceſt Bleſſings on his Head,
With heedleſs Joy he ſeizes on the Gift,
Ungratefully regardleſs of the GIVER;
Affronts his MAKER, and betrays himſelf.

'Tis not a proſp'rous Series of Events,
Where martyr'd VIRTUE muſt a Victim fall,
Which e'er can make the proud Poſſeſſor happy.

When ſunk in Lux'ry, and diſſolv'd in Eaſe,
The Heart is floating on a Sea of Pleaſure,

Inchanted

Enchanted by the Syren-Voice of Flatt'ry,
The Power of REASON, and the Charms of VIRTUE
Exert their ſacred Influence in vain.
Beſotted thus by proſp'rous Indolence,
ADVERSITY alone has Pow'r to move us:
'Tis that which brightens up the clouded Mind,
Heaves the big Paſſion o'er the lab'ring Soul,
And by afflictive Throws beſpeaks us mortal.

Like diff'rent Movements in ſome nice Machine,
The Paſſions rule the Motions of the Soul:
Self-Love's the Spring which gives them all their Force;
In various Forms the myſtick Power's diſplay'd;
But two may ſerve as Emblems of the reſt,
One of the boiſt'rous, one the ſmoother Kind,
Fell Rage, and gentle Love. How tranſient is
Their Peace, who live the Vaſſals of the firſt!
As well they might their Happineſs repoſe
On fleeting Billows, or th' uncertain Tide.
When the ſmooth Stream ſoft-murm'ring glides along,
The Shore, with Joy the peaceful Vallies ſmile
Around----but if the angry Tempeſt riſe,

And heave the troubled Surge above its Bound,
The headlong Torrent ruſhes o'er its Banks,
With unreſiſted Force the Deluge flows,
And all the Country groans beneath the Ruin.

The laſt is of the gentler Kind, 'tis true,
And juſtly ſtil'd the Cement of our Souls;
Yet this too often captivates the Heart,
And, ſelf-indulg'd, betrays the Pow'r it gives.

But GRIEF, within its proper Bounds confin'd,
By powerful REASON govern'd, and improv'd,
New forms the Heart to Knowledge of itſelf,
And ſheds its kindeſt Influence on the Mind.

The intellectual Eye when clear'd of Pride,
Which like a Film obſcures the Ray of Truth,
Perceives that Guilt which moſt pollutes the Soul,
And melted by the ſoft'ning Touch of Grief,
With chryſtal Tears wipes off the Crimſon Stain;
'Till clear, and ſpotleſs as the new-fall'n Snow,

In

In pure and whiteſt Innocence array'd,
She joyfully purſues the Path of Bliſs.

If this be HEAVEN's Deſign when it afflicts,
To form the Mind, and kindly to reſtore
The faded Luſtre of our ſick'ning Virtue,
How weak are all our Murm'rings and Complaints!
'Tis impiouſly to ſpurn the gracious HAND,
Without whoſe juſt and friendly Chaſtiſement
The Soul were loſt to Bliſs, and ſunk in Ruin.
'Tis likewiſe to augment our preſent Load,
To arm our Mis'ry with a double Sting;
Like ſtupid Brutes, who only toſs the Yoke
To wound their Sides, and gall their Necks the more:
Or like the boiſt'rous and tempeſtuous Sea,
Whoſe Waves are daſh'd on firm eſtabliſh'd Rocks,
To laſh its Boſom with redoubled Force.

Then let us not contend with POW'R DIVINE,
But "reaſon right, and patiently ſubmit."
Aſſur'd the DEITY, though thron'd on high,

OMNI-

OMNIPOTENT, in MAJESTY DIVINE
Array'd, and far exalted from the Reach
Of ev'ry mortal Ken; yet from this vaſt,
This independent Height, with pitying Eye
Beholds the Sons of Men; nor willingly
Afflicts, nor takes the Rod, 'till VIRTUE's Cries
Prevail, and force at laſt the ling'ring HAND
To ſtrike. Yet is it wond'rous to obſerve,
With what a diff'rent Turn of Mind we bear
The Ills, which HEAV'N for WISEST ENDS inflicts,
And thoſe, we vainly bring upon ourſelves.

Behold the Youth to martial Roughneſs bred,
And train'd to airy Schemes of temp'ral Greatneſs,
Still foremoſt in the painful Toils of Life,
Ambitious to encounter ev'ry Danger:
A Chief's Example, and a Laurel Wreath,
Blow up the kindling Flame within his Breaſt,
And brace each Nerve in the Purſuit of Honour.
The deſtin'd Path he marks, though drench'd in Blood;
Whilſt brazen Thunder ſhakes the crimſon Field,

And

And Light'nings from ten thouſand burniſh'd Helms,
With awful Glare their killing Rays reflect;
Yet, heedleſs of his Fate, he ruſhes on,
Where Slaughter reigns, and Horror fills the Scene,
O'er mangled Heaps, through floating Seas of Death:
And though th' indulgent Hand of HEAV'N protect,
And kindly ſave him from impending Ruin,
When Glory calls, again he meets the Danger.

And yet this mighty Champion ſhall we find,
When ſtruggling with the common Ills of Life,
By Sickneſs, Pain, or Poverty oppreſt,
With impious Cries repining at his Fate,
The Hero meanly ſunk below the Man:
That Courage which with reſtleſs Heat purſu'd,
The airy Flutt'rings of deluſive Fame,
To glean in Fields of Blood the fading Wreath,
Lies ſtupid, when RELIGION points the Way
To brilliant HONOURS, laſting as they're bright;
To GLORIES, which with ſplendid Luſtre ſhine;
Which, when unnumber'd Years their Joys have ſpent,

Shall bloom afreſh, and with reviving Glow
The deathleſs Round ſurvive.----Unhappy Man
Thus dazzled and deluded by the Shade,
Miſtakes his real and ſubſtantial Bliſs.

But bleſt above the common Lot are they,
Who ſurely tread the ſlipp'ry Path of Life:
Whoſe VIRTUE equal to their Courage moves,
A Praiſe to HEAV'N, and GLORY to themſelves:
Who riſe ſuperiour to the Ills they bear,
And calmly view the bluſt'ring Storm below:
Who through each boiſt'rous threat'ning Surge of Sorrow,
With humble Reſolution ſteer their Courſe,
'Till ev'ry VIRTUE, ev'ry GRACE diſplay'd,
They gain at laſt the utmoſt Verge of Life;
With Pleaſure view the awful Gulph beyond:
Then fearleſs try the ſable Bark of Death,
To happier Climes are gently wafted o'er,
And ſafely reſt, eternally ſecure
Of bliſsful PEACE, and undiſturb'd REPOSE.

A PROS-

A PROSPECT OF FUTURITY.

JUST in the Terrors of that awful Hour
When trembling thou ſhalt view th'eternal Shore,
Say, artleſs Muſe, ſay, how wilt thou arrange
The num'rous Wonders of that mighty Change!
Unbounded Nature (the amazing Whole!)
Shall open there upon thy wond'ring Soul:
The myſtic Labours of great *NEWTON*'s Mind,
Which juſtly ſtand the Wonder of Mankind;
Unſtudied, there, with Joy thou ſhalt ſurvey,
Enamour'd, raviſh'd, with the Grand Diſplay,
Nor ſhall there ought be hid amidſt the Blaze of Day.

Nor Knowledge only ſhall compleat thy Joy,
There ſacred Friendſhip's moſt endearing Tie
Shall warm thy Breaſt with more exalted Fire;
The more thou know'ſt, the more thou ſhalt admire

The

The perfect Harmony that reigns above,
Where the great Rule of Life is ſocial Love:
The pure Enjoyments of each happy Soul
There ſweetly move in concert with the Whole;
Nor Fear diſtracts, nor anxious Care moleſts
The heav'nly Calm ſecure within their Breaſts.

Thus bleſt, thus happy, crown'd with Joy and Peace,
Eternal Years begun, ſhall never ceaſe;
But circling Bleſſings ever ſhall attend;
Thy Bliſs ſhall have no Bounds, thy Life no End.

Th'exhauſtleſs Theme with Joys forever new,
Wou'd tempt the Muſe, unable to purſue,
Yet (what no Eye can ſee, no Heart conceive)
Thoſe Proſpects which extend beyond the Grave,
With Soul-felt Raptures we may here admire,
And cheriſh by our Faith the growing Fire:
We humbly may ſurvey thoſe Realms above,
T'enforce our Zeal, to animate our Love;
'Till Death at laſt ſhall end the gen'rous Strife,
And kindly reinſtate the Soul in LIFE.

An ODE ON CONTENTMENT:

In IMITATION of Mr. *POPE*'s on SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the Man, who free from Care,
Well pleas'd, his humble Wiſh enjoys;
Who calm o'er Trouble and Deſpair
Can greatly riſe:

Happy, who through Life's wide Extremes,
With Eaſe the golden Mean purſues;
And can, tho' lur'd by pompous Schemes,
CONTENTMENT chuſe.

Who, like the Bee, from noxious Weeds
The pure, and healing SWEETS can draw:
Nor ſelf-tormented, once recedes
From Nature's Law.

Whoſe meek Deſires contracted lie,
Whoſe ſmiling Cup with COMFORT flows;
Whoſe chearful Heart from its own Joy
With TRANSPORT glows.

Oh! may this happy Lot be mine,
Each Wound to heal, each Care to ſooth;
The rugged Front of angry Time
With PEACE to ſmooth.

The Mind thus chear'd, the Path to Bliſs
Each Day will more delightful prove:
Both Worlds be happy;---Peace in This,
And JOY above.

ON
NATURE.

NATURE with rural Beauty charms my Eyes,
And fills my raviſh'd Soul with glad Surprize,
The verdant Field, the flow'ry Mead,
The beauteous Vale, the gloomy Shade,

The

The lofty Hill, the ſpacious Plain,
The Brook, that murm'ring flows amain;
The fruitful Kine, whoſe ſwelling Teats
Refreſh us with their balmy Sweets;
The bleating Herd, who void of Care,
For us their fleecy Burthen bear;
The waving Corn, and flow'ry Trees,
Fan'd by the odorif'rous Breeze;
The Birds, whoſe gaudy Plumes diſplay
The Luſtre of the op'ning Day,
And whoſe harmonious Notes defy
The Power of Art in Melody;
Theſe all unite, their Charms diſcloſe,
A bleſs'd Variety compoſe;
All, all, with Thouſands, Millions more,
From the ALMIGHTY's boundleſs Store
Of Bleſſings, to Mankind diſpenſe
The gen'rous Care of *PROVIDENCE*.

A CHOICE FOR LIFE.

WOU'D HEAV'N that favourite Indulgence ſhow,
Which crowns our Wiſhes with Succeſs below;
Might I without Conſtraint m' ENJOYMENTS chuſe,
With Pleaſure take, and with Diſlike refuſe;
When all the diff'rent Scenes of Life I view,
Methinks the following Scheme I wou'd purſue:

Firſt, I with fix'd Averſion wou'd diſown
The growing Follies of the guilty Town:
For here, the thronging Nations ſeem to vie,
Who can excel in Vice and Luxury.

What though the Sun on gilded Roofs diſplay
With beaming Luſtre, his reflected Ray,

Though

Though all his heighten'd GLORIES brighter ſhine
On ev'ry Gem that ſparkles in the Mine,
He ne'er can honour fawning Crowds beneath,
Corrupted as the tainted Air they breathe.

VIRTUE, alas! has here renounc'd her Sway,
And overpower'd, to Villainy gives way;
Triumphant Guilt and Falſhood fill her Place,
And Fraud, without a Bluſh, unveils her Face;
Oppreſſion walks the Streets with fearleſs Tread,
Whilſt HONOUR, TRUTH, and INNOCENCE are fled.

Oh! ſome propitious Pow'R my Footſteps guide,
To find the happy Spot where theſe reſide;
There, far from Buſtle, and tumultuous Life,
Nor teaz'd by Flatt'ry, nor perplex'd by Strife,
Like my firſt SIRE, my peaceful Days I'd ſpend,
Each chaſte Enjoyment ſhou'd its Pleaſures lend;
Each VIRTUE ſhou'd its real Sweets beſtow,
Nor e'er the Toil of Greatneſs, or of Show,
My humble Soul or ſpotleſs Heart ſhou'd know.

A clear and mod'rate Income I'd enjoy,
Each NAT'RAL Want and Pleaſure to ſupply;
Wou'd HEAV'N that choiceſt SATISFACTION lend,
Sufficient to relieve a wanting Friend.

My Houſe upon a verdant Bank ſhou'd ſtand,
Four Ways a diff'rent Proſpect ſhou'd command:
On th' Eaſt, a ſpacious Plain for Miles ſhou'd run,
Nor ought to intercept the riſing Sun:
Southwards, at little Diſtance, lofty Hills,
Whoſe fair Aſcent ſhou'd ſmile with fruitful Fields,
Whoſe Op'nings ſhou'd the varied Landſkip ſhow,
The Beauty of luxuriant Vales below.
O'er Weſtern Meads the blooming Proſpect clear,
The diſtant Mountains faintly ſhou'd appear,
Impurpl'd, with the faireſt Æther vie,
And loſe their Summits in the neighb'ring Sky.
More to the North, extenſive Seas ſhou'd ſtretch
Their briny Liquids o'er the ſandy Beach;
The farther Shores at ſightleſs Diſtance lie,
To lead in boundleſs Search the wand'ring Eye;

Here

Here drooping *Sol* ſhou'd bathe his fading Ray,
And with reflected Brilliancy diſplay
A double LUSTRE to the cloſing Day.
Still farther North a Grove of Fruits ſhou'd grow,
United Charms, and Profit to beſtow;
In Spring their Verdure wou'd refreſh the Sight,
Beneath their Shade, the ſilent Walk invite,
When flow'ry Robes their waving Tops adorn,
And ſhed their Odours each returning Morn,
How charming to behold each beauteous Hue,
And breathe their Sweets exhal'd by balmy Dew;
When theſe, with choice Perfumes have chear'd the Smell,
Which aromatick Groves can ſcarce excel,
And to the Eye diſclos'd each latent Grace,
The blooming Fragrance of this ſhort-liv'd Race
To more ſubſtantial Ornaments give Place!
Each bending Spray ſupplies the golden Feaſt,
And humbly courts the neighb'ring Hand to taſte;
Nor to the Summer all their Good extends,
Though Winter frowns, they ſtand like faithful FRIENDS,
Their Service wou'd continue to the laſt,
And kindly ſcreen me from the Northern Blaſt.

Aſlant

Aſlant the Hill, a Garden ſhou'd be laid,
In blooming NATURE's richeſt Garb array'd;
Here fragrant Spring ſhou'd laviſh ev'ry Sweet,
And ſpread enamel'd Carpets o'er each Seat:
Each Neceſſary here a Spot ſhou'd find,
Each fair and uſeful Herb of ev'ry Kind;
Each vegetable Tribe ſhou'd have its Place,
My Board with Health to ſtore, with Flavour grace.
On the Deſcent ſhou'd little Plains be found,
With ſhady Walks and Harbours to abound;
Juſt at the Foot, along my Garden Side,
A purling Rill ſhou'd in Meanders glide,
Whoſe chryſtal Waters waſh the flow'ry Graſs,
And chide the murm'ring Pebbles as they paſs.

Wou'd HEAV'N a frugal Decency beſtow,
My Houſe nor Pomp nor Foppery ſhou'd know;
A beauteous Neatneſs amply wou'd ſupply
The uſeleſs Form of ſplendid Pageantry,

Above, I'd have a peaceful STUDY plac'd,
A Cabinet of LEARNING and of TASTE;

A Window to the South, and Weſt, each Way
The moſt delightful Proſpects ſhou'd diſplay,
The fruitful Banks the diſtant Hills and Sea :
In this Apartment, with each Grace replete,
Each SCIENCE and each MUSE ſhou'd take their Seat ;
Each ORNAMENT of LIT'RATURE ſhou'd ſhine,
On nat'ral Subjects, or on thoſe divine ;
The SOUL would here her native Pow'rs employ,
Each ſolid rational DELIGHT enjoy ;
I here ſhould learn my Genius to improve,
And greatly from each meaner Care to move ;
Shou'd all th' Advantage of Retirement find,
At once to pleaſe, inſtruct, and raiſe the MIND.

Wou'd HEAV'N indulgent on my Wiſh attend,
I next wou'd aſk a kind and faithful FRIEND,
In whoſe ſafe Breaſt I might my Heart repoſe,
Its JOYS reveal, and all its Griefs diſcloſe :
Oh, ſacred Friendſhip! graciouſly deſcend,
Teach me to bleſs, and bleſs me, in a FRIEND :
Where FRIENDSHIP glows, th'expanded Heart receives
Returning JOY, for all the JOY it gives.

M'Amuſements too ſhould in ſuch Order move,
As whilſt they entertain'd me, might improve :

Here MUSICK ſhould employ my firſt Regard,
Which forms the Mind, and is its own Reward:
This can by ſecret Art, and POW'R DIVINE,
Soften our Nature, and our Thoughts refine;
Can teach our Breaſts with Tenderneſs to heave,
And to the Heart of Stone Compaſſion give:
MUSICK each inward Tumult can allay,
Can ſooth the Mind, and to each Part convey
Such pleaſing TRANSPORT, as delights the Whole,
Can charm the Senſe, and harmonize the Soul.

PAINTING ſhou'd next my leiſure Hours employ,
And bluſhing Colours with each other vie,
Which ſhou'd with moſt Succeſs my Hand obey,
Each pow'rful CHARM of Nature to diſplay:
Here with ſecret Pleaſure and Surprize,
Wou'd ſee Creation's diſtant Proſpects riſe,
Each Object fair its juſt Proportion give,
And teach the BREATHING PAPER how to live.

Thus nobly, thus delightfully employ'd,
DUTY and Pleaſure ſhou'd my Time divide:
Thus, were I for myſelf to chuſe, I'd live,
And each Enjoyment thankfully receive:
But ſhou'd that Pow'R, whoſe WISDOM beſt can chuſe,
The pleaſing Scheme I've fix'd upon, refuſe,

I'd

I'd thankfully accept an humbler Fate,
And chearfully enjoy m' allotted State.
We here, alas! no real JOYS can find,
Nothing that fully ſatisfies the Mind,
The SOUL's extenſive Faculties ſtill crave
A BLISS, which mortal Pleaſures never gave.
Why ſeek we then for HAPPINESS below?
Or aſk of Nature what ſhe can't beſtow?
To cloſe the Whole----all I with Ardour aſk,
Is HEAVEN's ASSISTANCE in my mortal Taſk;
That, as my Nature and my Strength decay,
I calmly may approaching Fate ſurvey;
As nearer to the Verge of Life I move,
And pleas'd behold the bliſsful SEATS above,
My Soul each Day her Virtues may improve:
That when at laſt the awful Hour draws nigh,
I may with Pleaſure and Contentment die;
Without a Groan each mortal Wiſh reſign,
And change m' Enjoyments here for thoſe DIVINE.

F I N I S.

I'd thankfully accept an humbler Fate,
And cheerfully enjoy my allotted State.
We here, alas! no real Joys can find,
Nothing that fully satisfies the Mind,
The Soul's extensive Faculties fill crave a
A Bliss, which mortal Pleasures never give.
Why look we then for Happiness below?
Or ask of Nature what she can't bestow?
To close the Whole—all I wish Anfour all,
Is HEAVEN's Assistance in my mortal Talk;
That, as my Nature and my Strength decay,
I calmly may approaching Fate survey;
As nearer to the Verge of Life I move,
And pleas'd behold the bliss'ful Seats above,
My Soul each Day her Virtues may improve:
That, when at last the awful Hour draws nigh,
I may with Pleasure and Contentment die;
Without a Groan each mortal With resign,
And change my Enjoyments here for those DIVINE.

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